THE CROSS-CUT

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.
—15—

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

They reached the mouth of the Silver Queen. Harry reconnoitered a moment before he gave the signal to proceed. Within the tunnel they went, to follow along its regular, rising course to the stope where, on that garish day when Taylor Bill and Blindeye Bozeman had led the enthusiastic parade through the streets, the vein had shown. It was dark there—no one was at work. Harry unhooked his carbide from his belt, lit it and looked around.

"It ain't coming from 'ere!" he announced. "It's—" then his voice dropped to a whisper—"what's that?"

Again a rumbling had come from a distance, as of an ore car traveling over the tram tracks. Harry extinguished his light, and drawing Anita and Fairchild far to the end of the stope, flattened them and himself on the ground. A long wait, while the rumbling came closer, still closer; then, in the distance, a light appeared, shining from a side of the tunnel. A clanging noise, followed by clattering sounds, as though of steel rails hitting against each other. Finally the tramming once more—and the light approached.

Into view came an ore car, and behind it loomed the great form of Taylor Bill as he pushed it along. Straight to the pile of ore he came, unhooked the front of the tram, tripped it and piled the contents of the car on top of the dump which already rested there. With that, carbide pointing the way, he turned back, pushing the tram before him. Harry crept to his feet.

"We've got to follow!" he whispered. "It's a blind entrance to the tunnel com'eres."

They rose and trailed the light along the tracks, flattening themselves against the timbers of the tunnel as the form of Taylor Bill, faintly outlined in the distance, turned from the regular track, opened a great door in the side of the tunnel, which, to all appearances, was nothing more than the ordinary heavy timbering of a weak spot in the rocks, pulled it far back, then swerved the tram within. Then, he stopped and raised a portable switch, throwing it into the opening. A second later the door closed behind him, and the sound of the tram began to fade in the distance. Harry went forward, creeping along the side of the tunnel, feeling his way, stopping to listen now and then for the sound of the fading ore car. Behind him were Fairchild and Anita, following the same procedure. And all three stopped at once.

The hollow sound was coming directly to them now. Harry once more brought out his carbide to light it for a moment and to examine the timbering.

"It's a good job!" he commented. "You couldn't tell it five feet off!"

"They've made a cross-cut!" This time it was Anita's voice, plainly angry in spite of its whispering tones. "No wonder they had such a wonderful strike," came scathingly. "That other stope down there—"

"Ain't nothing but a salted proposition," said Harry. "They've cemented up the top of it with the real stuff and every once in a while they blow a lot of it out and cement it up again to make it look like that's the real vein."

"And they're working our mine!" Red spots of anger were flashing before Fairchild's eyes.

"You've said it! That's why they were so anxious to buy us out. And that's why they started this two-million-dollar stock proposition when they found they couldn't do it. They knew if we ever 'it that vein it wouldn't be any time until they'd be caught on the job. That's why they're ready to pull out—with somebody else's million. They're getting at the end of their rope. Another thing; that explains them working at night."

Anita gritted her teeth.

"I see it now—I can get the reason. They've been telephoning Denver and holding conferences and all that sort

"We've Got to Follow."

of thing. And they planned to leave these two men behind here to take all the blame."

"They'll get enough of it!" added Harry grimly. "They're miners. They could see that they were making a straight cross-cut tunnel on to our vein. They ain't no children, Blindeye and Taylor Bill. And 'ere's where they start getting their trouble."

He pulled at the door and it yielded grudgingly. The three slipped past, following along the line of the tram track in the darkness, Harry's pick handle swinging beside him as they sneaked along. Rods that seemed miles; at last lights appeared in the distance. Harry stopped to peer ahead. Then he tossed aside his weapon.

"There's only two of 'em—Blindeye and Taylor Bill. I could whip 'em both myself, but I'll take the big 'un. You—" he turned to Fairchild—"you get Blindeye."

"I'll get him."

Anita stopped and groped about for a stone.

"I'll be ready with something in case of accident," came with determination. "I've got a quarter of a million in this, myself!"

They went on, fifty yards, a hundred. Creeping now, they already were within the zone of light, but before them the two men, double-jacking at a "swimmer," had their backs turned. Onward—until Harry and Fairchild were within ten feet of the "high-jackers," while Anita waited, stone in hand, in the background. Came a yell, high-pitched, fiendish, racking, as Harry leaped forward. And before the two "high-jackers" could concentrate enough to use their sledge and drill as weapons, they were whirled about, battered against the hanging wall, and swirling in a daze of blows which seemed to come from everywhere at once. Wildly Harry yelled as he shot blow after blow into the face of his ancient enemy. High went Fairchild's voice as he knocked Blindeye Bozeman staggering for the third time against the hanging wall, only to see him rise and to knock him down once more.

Dizzily the sandy-haired man swung about in his tracks, sagged, then fell, unconscious. Fairchild leaped upon him, calling at the same time to the girl:

"Find me a rope! I'll truss his hands while he's knocked out!"

Anita leaped into action, to kneel at Fairchild's side a moment later with a hempen strand, as he tied the man's hands behind his back. There was no need to worry about Harry. Glancing out of a corner of his eye, Fairchild saw now that the big Cornishman had Taylor Bill flat on his back and was putting on the finishing touches. And then suddenly the exultant yells changed to ones of command.

"Talk English! Talk English, you bloody blighter! Talk English! 'Ear me—I'll knock the bloody 'ell out of you if you don't. Talk English—like this: 'Throw up your 'ands!' 'Ear me?"

Anita swerved swiftly and went to her feet. Harry looked up at her wildly, his mustache bristling like the spines of a porcupine.

"Did you 'ear 'im sye it?" he asked. "No? Sye it again!"

"Throw up your 'ands!" came the answer of the beaten man on the ground. Anita ran forward.

"It's a good deal like it," she answered. "But the tone was higher."

"Raise your tone!" commanded Harry, while Fairchild, finishing his job of tying his defeated opponent, rose, staring in wonderment. Then the answer came:

"That's it—that's it. It sounded just like it!"

And Fairchild remembered too—the English accent of the highwayman on the night of the Old Times dance. Harry seemed to bounce on the prostrate form of his ancient enemy.

"Bill," he shouted, "I've got you on your back. And I've got a right to kill you. 'Onest I 'ave. And I'll do it too—unless you start talking. I might as well kill you as not. It's t penitentiary offense to 'it a man underground unless there's a good reason. So I'm ready to go the 'ole route. So tell it—tell it and be quick about it. Tell it—wasn't you him?"

"Him—who?" the voice was weak, frightened.

"You know 'oo—the night of the Old Times dance! Didn't you pull that 'old-up?"

There was a long silence. Finally:

"Where's Rodaine?"

"In Center City." It was Anita who spoke. "He's getting ready to run away and leave you two to stand the brunt of all this trouble."

Again a silence. And again Harry's voice:

"Tell it. Wasn't you the man?"

Once more a long wait. Finally:

"What do I get for it?"

Fairchild moved to the man's side.

"My promise and my partner's promise that if you tell the whole truth, we'll do what we can to get you leniency. So tell the truth; weren't you the man who held up the Old Times dance?"

Taylor Bill's breath traveled slowly past his bruised lips.

"Rodaine gave me a hundred dollars to pull it," came finally.

"And you stole the horse and everything—"

"And cached the stuff by the Blue Poppy, so's I'd get the blame?" Harry wiggled his mustache fiercely. "Tell it or I'll pound your 'ead into a jelly!"

"That's about the size of it."

But Fairchild was fishing in his pockets for pencil and paper, finally to bring them forth.

"Not that we doubt your sincerity, Bill," he said sarcastically, "but I think things would be a bit easier if you'd just write it out. Let him up, Harry."

The big Cornishman obeyed grudgingly. "Make hit fulsome, Bill—tell just 'ow you did it!"

And Taylor Bill, bloody, eyes black, lips bruised, obeyed. Fairchild took the bescrawled paper and wrote his name as a witness, then handed it to Harry and Anita for their signatures. At last, he placed it in his pocket and faced the dolorous high-jacker.

"What else do you know, Bill?"

"About what? Rodaine? Nothing—except that we were in cahoots on this cross-cut. There isn't any use denying it"—there had come to the surface the inherent honor that is in every metal miner, a stalwartness that may lie dormant, but that, sooner or later, must rise. There is something about taking wealth from the earth that is clean. There is something about it which seems honest in its very nature, something that builds big men in stature and in ruggedness, and it builds an honor which fights against any attempt to thwart it. Taylor Bill was finding that honor now. He seemed to straighten. His teeth bit at his swollen, bruised lips. He turned and faced the three persons before him.

"Take me down to the sheriff's office," he commanded. "I'll tell everything. I don't know so awful much—because I ain't tried to learn anything more than I could help. But I'll give up everything I've got."

"And how about him?" Fairchild pointed to Blindeye, just regaining consciousness. Taylor Bill nodded.

"He'll tell—he'll have to."

They trussed the big miner then, and dragging Bozeman to his feet, started out of the cross-cut with them, Harry's carbide pointing the way through the blind door and into the main tunnel. Then they halted to bundle themselves tighter against the cold blast that was coming from without. On—to the mouth of the mine. Then they stopped—short.

A figure showed in the darkness, on horseback. An electric flashlight

"That's Maurice! I Got a Glimpse of His Face!"

suddenly flared against the gleam of the carbide. An exclamation, an excited command to the horse, and the rider wheeled, rushing down the mountain side, urging his mount to dangerous leaps, sending him plunging through drifts where a misstep might mean death, fleeing for the main road again. Anita Richmond screamed:

"That's Maurice! I got a glimpse of his face! He's gotten away—go after him somebody—go after him!"

But it was useless. The horseman had made the road and was speeding down it. Rushing ahead of the others, Fairchild gained a point of vantage where he could watch the fading black smudge of the horse and rider as it went on and on along the rocky road, finally to reach the main thoroughfare and turn swiftly. Then he went back to join the others.

"He's taken the Center City road!" came his announcement. "Is there a turn-off on it anywhere?"

"No." Anita gave the answer. "It goes straight through—but he'll have a hard time making it there in this blizzard. If we only had horses!"

"They wouldn't do us much good now! Climb on my back. You can handle these two men alone?" This to his partner. The Cornishman grunted.

"Yes. They won't start anything. Why?"

"I'm going to take Miss Richmond and hurry ahead to the sheriff's office. He might not believe me. But he'll take her word—and that'll be sufficient until you get there with the prisoners. I've got to persuade him to telephone to Center City and head off the Rodaines!"

CHAPTER XIX

He stooped and Anita, laughing at her posture, clambered upon his back, her arms about his neck. Fairchild found himself wishing that he could carry her forever, and that the road to the sheriff's office were twenty miles away instead of two. But her voice cut in on his wishes.

"I can walk now. We can get along so much faster!" came her plea. "I'll hold on to you—and you can help me along."

Fairchild released her and she seized his arm. Once, as they floundered through a knee-high mass, Fairchild's arm went quickly about her waist and he lifted her against him as he literally carried her through. When they reached the other side, the arm still held its place—and she did not resist. Some way, after that, the stretch of road faded swiftly. Almost before he realized it, they were at the outskirts of the city.

Grudgingly he gave up his hold upon her, as they hurried for the sidewalks and for the sheriff's office. There Fairchild did not attempt to talk—he left it all to Anita, and Bardwell, the sheriff, listened. Taylor Bill had confessed to the robbery at the Old Times dance and to his attempt to so arrange the evidence that the blame would fall on Harry. Taylor Bill and Blindeye Bozeman had been caught at work in a cross-cut tunnel which led to the property of the Blue Poppy mine, and one of them, at least, had admitted that the sole output of the Silver Queen had come from this thieving encroachment. Then Anita completed the recital—of the plans of the Rodaines to leave and of their departure for Center City. At last, Fairchild spoke, and told the happenings fhich he had encountered in the ramshackle house occupied by Crazy Laura. It was sufficient. The sheriff reached for the telephone.

"No need for hurry," he announced. "Young Rodaine can't possibly make that trip in less than two hours. We've got plenty of time—hello—Central? Long distance, please. What's that? Yeh—Long Distance. Want to put in a call for Center City." A long wait, while a metallic voice streamed over the wire into the sheriff's ear. He hung up the receiver. "Blocked," he said shortly. "The wire's down."

"But there's the telegraph!"

"It'd take half an hour to get the operator out of bed—office is closed. Nope. We'll take the short cut. And we'll beat him there by a half-hour!"

Anita started.

"You mean the Argonaut tunnel?"

"Yes. Call up there and tell them to get a motor ready for us to shoot straight through. We can make it at thirty miles an hour, and the skip in the Reunion mine will get us to the surface in five minutes. The tunnel ends sixteen hundred feet underground, about a thousand feet from Center City," he explained, as he noted Fairchild's wondering gaze. "You stay here. I'll be getting my car warmed up to take us to the tunnel."

A thumping sound came from without. Harry entered with his two charges, followed shortly by Bardwell, the sheriff, while just beneath the office window a motor roared in the process of "warming up."

A moment more and a steel door clanged upon the two men, while the officer led the way to his motor car. There he looked quizzically at Anita Richmond, piling without hesitation into the front seat.

"You going too?"

"I certainly am," and she covered her intensity with a laugh, "there are a number of things that I want to say to Mr. Maurice Rodaine—and I haven't the patience to wait!"

Bardwell chuckled. The doors of the car slammed and the engine roared louder than ever. Soon they were churning along through the driving snow toward the great buildings of the Argonaut Tunnel company, far at the other end of town. There men awaited them, and a tram motor, together with its operator. The four pursuers took their places on the benches of the car behind the motor. The trolley was attached. Then clattering over the frogs, green lights flashing from the trolley wire, the speeding journey was begun.

Three miles, four, five, while Anita Richmond held close to Fairchild as the speed became greater and the sparks from the wire above threw their green, vicious light over the yawning stretch before them. A last spurt, slightly down-grade, with the motor pushing the wheels at their greatest velocity; then the crackling of electricity suddenly ceased, the motor slowed in its progress, finally to stop.

A greasy being faced them and Bardwell, the sheriff, shouted his mission.

"Got to catch some people that are making a get-away through Center City. Can you send us up in the skip?"

"Yes, two at a time."

"All right!" The sheriff turned to Harry. "You and I'll go on the first trip and hurry for the Ohadi road. Fairchild and Miss Richmond will wait for the second and go to Sheriff Mason's office and tell him what's up. Meet us there," he said to Fairchild, as he went forward.

A long wait followed while Fairchild strove to talk of many things—and failed in all of them. Things were happening too swiftly for them to be put into crisp sentences by a man whose thoughts were muddled by the fact that beside him waited a girl in a whipcord riding suit—the same girl who had leaped from an automobile on the Denver highway and—

It crystalized things for him momentarily.

"I'm going to ask you something after a while—something that I've wondered and wondered about. I know it wasn't anything—but—"

She laughed at him.

"You really didn't think I was the Smelter bandit, did you?"

"Darned if I know what I thought. And I don't know what I think yet."

"It's very, very awful!" came in a low, mock-awed voice. "But—" then the laugh came again—"maybe if you're good and—well, maybe I'll tell you after a while."

"Honest?"

"Of course I'm honest! Isn't that the skip?"

Fairchild walked to the skip, stepped in, and lifted Anita to his side.

The journey was made in darkness—darkness which Fairchild longed to turn to his advantage, darkness which seemed to call to him to throw his arms about the girl at his side, to crush her to him, to seek out with an instinct that needed no guiding light the laughing, pretty lips which had caused him many a day of happiness, many a day of worried wonderment. He strove to talk away the desire—but the grinding of the wheels in the narrow shaft denied that. His fingers twitched, his arms trembled as he sought to hold back the muscles, then, yielding to the impulse, he started—

"Da-a-a-g-gone it!"

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

But Fairchild wasn't telling the truth. They had reached the light just at the wrong, wrong moment. Out of the skip he lifted her, then inquired the way to the sheriff's office of this, a new county. The direction was given, and they went there. They told their story. "You say Bardwell and your partner went out on the Ohadi road to head the young 'un off?"

"Yes Do you think—?"

But a noise from without cut off the conversation. Stamping feet sounded on the steps, the knob turned, and Sheriff Bardwell, snow-white, entered, shaking himself like a great dog, as he sought to rid himself of the effects of the blizzard.

"Hello, Bardwell, what'd you find?"

"No matter how much a person dislikes another one—it's, it's—always a shock."

Anita came closer. "You mean that he's dead?" The sheriff nodded. "He must have rushed his horse too hard. When we got to him he was just about gone—tried to stagger to his feet when we came up, but couldn't make it. Kind of acted like he'd lost his senses through fear or exposure or something. Asked me who I was, and I said Bardwell. Seemed to be tickled to hear my name—but he called it Barnham. Then he got up on his hands and knees and clutched at me and asked me if I'd drawn out all the money and had it safe. Just to humor him, I said I had. He tried to say something after that, but it wasn't much use. The first thing we knew he'd passed out. That's where Harry is now—took him over to the mortuary. There isn't anybody named Barnham, is there?"

"Barnham?" The name had awakened recollections for Fairchild; "why he's the fellow that—"

But Anita cut in.

"He's a lawyer in Denver. They've been sending all the income from stock sales to him for deposit. If Maurice asked if he'd gotten the money out, it must mean that they meant to run with all the proceeds. We'll have to telephone Denver."

The message went through. Then the two sheriffs rose and looked at their revolvers.

"Now for the tough one." Bardwell made the remark, and Mason smiled grimly. Fairchild rose and went to them.

"May I go along?"

"Yes, but not the girl. Not this time."

Anita did not demur. Fairchild walked to her side.

"You won't run away," he begged.

"I'll be right here," she answered, and with that assurance, he followed the other two men out into the night.

Far down the street, where the rather bleak outlines of the hotel showed bleaker than ever in the frigid night, a light was gleaming in a second-story window. Mason turned to his fellow sheriff.

"He usually stays there. That must be him—waiting for the kid."

The three entered. Tiptoeing, they went to the door and knocked. A high-pitched voice came from within.

"That you, Maurice?"

Fairchild answered in the best imitation he could give.

"Yes. I've got Anita with me."

Steps, then the door opened. For just a second Squint Rodaine stared at them in ghastly, sickly fashion. Then he moved back into the room, still facing them.

"What's the idea of this?" came his forced query. Fairchild stepped forward.

"Simply to tell you that everything's blown up as far as you're concerned, Mr. Rodaine."

"You needn't be so dramatic about it. You act like I'd committed a mur-

Crashed Through the Window.

der! What 've I done that you should—"

"Just a minute. I wouldn't try to act innocent. For one thing, I happened to be in the same house with you one night when you showed Crazy Laura. your wife, how to make people immortal. And we'll probably learn a few more things about your character when we've gotten back there and interviewed—"

He stopped his accusations to leap forward, clutching wildly. But in vain. With a lunge, Squint Rodaine had turned, then, springing high from the floor, had seemed to double in the air as he crashed through the big pane of the window and out to the twenty-foot plunge which awaited him. Hurriedly they gained the window, but already the form of Rodaine had unrolled itself from the snow bank into which it had fallen, dived beneath the protection of the low coping which ran above the first-floor windows of the hotel, skirted the building in safety and whirled into the alley that lay beyond. Squint Rodaine was gone. Frantically, Fairchild turned for the door, but a big hand stopped him.

"Let him go—let him think he's gotten away," said grizzled Sheriff Mason. "He ain't got a chance. There's snow everywhere—and we can trail him like a hound dawg trailing a rabbit. And I think I know where he's bound for. Whatever that was you said about Crazy Laura hit awful close to home. It ain't going to be hard to find that rattler!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

KNEW HOW TO OPERATE HIS CAR

Motorman Resented the Help of the Truck Driver, and Then Repented.

A street car approached a busy downtown corner, the motorman clanging his gong. A truck driver stepped from in front of his machine parked near the track. He waved reassuringly at the motorman and measured with his hands to signal sufficient clearance.

The motorman resented the truckman's role of traffic director.

"I don't need nobody to show me how to run a car. I been runnin' one long enough to know when I can get by."

He clanged angrily toward the next corner where other trucks were parked.

"I suppose some fool will step out here to tell me how to run my car," he snapped. He glanced contemptuously at a truck as his car glided toward it. But there was no "fool to give directions this time and, to the very great astonishment and chagrin of the motorman who knew "how to run 'em," his car sideswiped the truck.—Kansas City Star.

TALES FROM BIG CITIES

Life Getting Complex in the Big Cities

CHICAGO.—Louis Silberstein, 1350 South Michigan avenue, turned his screeching siren loose as he swerved his automobile into Garfield boulevard from State street. According to one of Health Commissioner Bundesen's 130 specially deputized "noise cops" the siren continued to screech for one full block. The noise cop overtook Mr. Silberstein and suggested to him that the screeching siren was not conducive to the health, safety, and general welfare of Chicago and its citizens.

"Go to hell," observed Mr. Silberstein.

The noise policeman reported to P. S. Combs, Jr., chief of the "noise cops." He reported to Doctor Bundesen, who opined that Mr. Silberstein had been unfortunate to so misunderstand the importance of the health department campaign against unnecessary noises.

"Call him on the phone and explain it to him," the commissioner directed. "Chief" Combs did so.

"If the commissioner of health has any business with me let him call me himself," said Mr. Silberstein, pointedly. Doctor Bundesen did so.

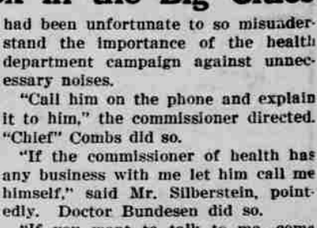
"If you want to talk to me, come down to my office," ordered Silberstein, noisily banging up the receiver.

When brought to Doctor Bundesen's office, Silberstein denied emphatically that he shot a block-long screech from the siren of his car as he turned from State street into Garfield boulevard. He said he never was on Garfield boulevard in his life.

"You can tell that to the judge," said Doctor Bundesen.

Silberstein let it be known that his car is a So-and-so. Doctor Bundesen noticed that the license records show Silberstein's car as a This-and-that. He admitted switching license tags on the two cars without notifying the secretary of state. Doctor Bundesen ordered that in addition to the noise-making charge, the charge of switching tags be placed against him.

Times Change and Dancing With Them



LOS ANGELES.—And now comes dancing with the mind! Many funny things have happened with the passing of time and at one period when a young woman who dared to dance publicly with anything except her feet was subject to an immediate trip to the hoosegow. But times change—so has dancing. Miss Irene d'Annelle has arrived in Los Angeles to teach dancing with the mind.

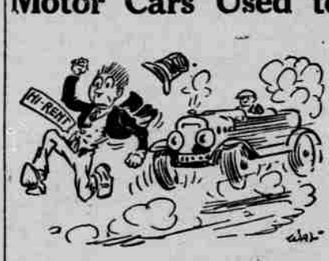
"Dancing is merely an expression of primitive instincts unless subjected to the refining influence of mental processes," says Miss d'Annelle. "There is a philosophy in the dance of peoples just as there is philosophy in their religion, art or literature."

It is to teach this philosophy in the formation of a club that Miss d'Annelle says she has come to Los Angeles.

In pointing out the possibilities of dance philosophy, Miss d'Annelle said that if the working girl is given an appreciative understanding of the beauty of movement and the benefits of co-ordinate muscular action she will find a new joy in her work and new capabilities, which had lain dormant through poor blood circulation and improper state of mind.

"There is the dance of the warrior, the peasant and the priest. Why not the dance of the stenographer, the clerk, the cook?" she asks. "Through an appeal to the working girl's love of beauty of face, figure and expression more can be accomplished than by the ineffective methods of precept and much-abused tenets of duty-to-self-and-employer cults."

Motor Cars Used to Fight High Rents



DETROIT.—Nationwide investigation into the uses to which the motorcar is put by its purchasers, conducted by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, discloses that in 135,000 instances in 60 cities throughout the country the motorcar has been used as a vehicle of relief from high city rentals. The owners of this number of automobiles have moved from the city to the suburbs and depend solely upon their cars for transportation between their offices and homes.

Thus far the investigation is incomplete. The 60 cities from which reports have been received include only three of the chief cities of the country, Baltimore, Detroit and Cleveland. The figures do not include New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, St. Louis, Los Angeles or other cities of approximately their population. The combined population of the 60 reporting cities is less than 8,000,000.

If the same ratio is maintained throughout the rest of the United States, not less than 500,000 automobiles have been used during the past three years in the fight against high rents.

Baltimore and Detroit are tied for first place in the number of motorcars used primarily to carry workers to and from their work each day. In each case the number is aproximately 25,000. Louisville is rated next, in returns compiled thus far, with 20,000. Oak Park, Ill., and Cleveland are rated at 5,000 cars each; Toledo at 3,500; Tampa, Fla., Dayton, O., Pasadena, Cal., and Casper, Wyo., at 3,000 each.

Nice Boy but a Devastating Appetite

NEW YORK.—There was a tow-headed, black-eyed boy, not much more than two years old, on the New Orleans car of a train which reached the Pennsylvania station at 6 a. m. He was such a boy as is enveloped in the embraces of wealthy looking grandparents or uncles or aunts on the train platform, and the porter, who had mothered him all the way from Shreveport, La., was looking forward confidently to such a demonstration. He expected it to be at least a $10 party.

To his chagrin, there was no party at all. Nobody met the boy. The porter waited with him, to make certain, until the cars were taken to the yards, for he was out the price of the boy's meals during the trip.

It was a somber looking porter indeed who led the youngster to the matron's room in the station. The train was just pulling out of Shreveport, he said, when a woman raced alongside his car with a greenback in one hand and the boy in the other.

The porter accepted both and also the woman's statement that the boy would be met in New York. A moment later he discovered that the greenback was a $1 bill, that the boy had an extra sailor suit in a package under his arm and a half-fare ticket to New York, but was otherwise unprepared for the journey. He was a nice boy, the porter said, but he had a devastating appetite.

From 6 a. m. until 5 p. m. the porter waited in that room, the matrons scanning every one who entered, confident that the relatives of so fascinating a boy would not neglect him long.

Trunks vs. Bloomers for Girl Athletes

SEATTLE.—Miss Julia Durrant, sophomore at the University of Washington, is out of athletics at that institution for the rest of this quarter, it is unofficially reported, because a Sunday newspaper printed a photograph in which she was seen wearing running trunks just like those affected by track performers of the male persuasion.

Miss Julia Boone, Miss Velda Cundiff and Miss Katherine Bailey were called before a faculty committee with Miss Durrant, all having appeared in the same photograph, and Miss Boone having been dressed just like Miss Durrant.

It is said all except Miss Durrant expressed contrition, and she declared she was in a movement to broaden athletics for girls at the university and would fight it to the end.

According to Miss Mary Gross, head of the university department of physical education for women, a jumper-bloomer suit of serge is the limit for girl athletes.

Miss Durrant says that when she and Miss Boone posed in trunks they were not thinking of what it was proper to wear at the university, but of what would get the best publicity in an effort to bring about competitions with other institutions. Athletics for women at the university are intramural.

"We only want to interest other girls like ourselves so we can play hockey, baseball and other games at towns like Everett and Tacoma," explains Miss Durrant.

"Too much energy directed into the wrong flannels," says Miss Gross.